

BEAUTIFUL, UNKNOWN DEAD.

A Woman's Mysterious Suicide on a Grave in Evergreens Cemetery.

"Mrs. Ida Niederman's" Life Ended by Poison and Pistol.

The first week of July has been notable for many years for the unusual number of suicides that occur in its duration, and that of 1890 bids fair to break the record. There lay this morning in the Brooklyn Morgue another victim of misfortune, a woman not more than thirty years old, full figured and beautiful.

She sought death in the Brooklyn Cemetery of the Evergreens, in that section known as "Hickory Knoll," about two hundred feet from Tony Pastor's lot. It is one of the most secluded and beautiful spots in this beautiful city of the dead.

Mrs. Eva Wigel, an aged lady living at 515 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, visited the cemetery yesterday afternoon. She went there to her plot on the Hickory Knoll, arriving there she was horrified at finding, lying prone upon a grave, the body of a woman.

A 32-caliber revolver lay by her side, and close by, as if dropped from her hand, was a hand mirror.

In the right hand was a pistol wound in the right temple, the face was of a dark hue, and a vital, half filled with a greenish liquid and bearing the druggist's warning skull and cross bones, with the black word "Poison," was lying near.

These things told a sad story. The woman had first swallowed a portion of the poison. Then she had evidently held the mirror up, and by its aid had taken snuffing aim with the revolver, and a flash and a report had ended her life.

Mrs. Wigel, completely unnerved, managed to make her way to the gate again, and to a woman porter hastened to the scene of the suicide.

The woman had evidently committed the deed some time during Thursday night. She was dressed in a dark cashmere gown, black silk waist, black straw hat with red bows, blue and red striped stockings, lace mitts and Congress gaiters. A black necktie was by her side, and in her pocket was found a handkerchief marked "M. A. N." and a card of address.

"Y. D. A. Niederman, 45 Washington street, Hoboken, with Mr. White."

This morning Mr. White, of Hoboken, visited the morgue, and identified the body as that of Ida Niederman.

She was a young woman of pleasing appearance and apparently of much refinement, rented a room from Mr. White, and had been a year or more in his house. She had been a year or more in his house. She had been a year or more in his house.

GRAVES IN A STRANGE LAND.

Generous Friends Insure Decent Burial for the Wendlands.

The Body of the Poet Husband and Father Not Yet Recovered.

The charity that would have gladly aided another, proud young poet Franz Wendlandt in his last distress, has been known to those about him now come forward nobly, and will bury the bodies of the loving wife and mother who had kept him faithful company in death.

Dominic Freund, of St. John's Evangelical Church, Hoboken, has received information from sympathetic people of Hoboken where they had buried the bodies of the mother and her babe.

Undertaker Kane, however, whose heart is also big and sympathetic, insists upon giving those poor children of misfortune in a strange land a decent burial himself, and asks that the \$3500 be devoted to direct the funeral of the mother and her babe, which will be filled by this little family.

The body of Franz Wendlandt has not yet been recovered. Pastor Freund and Herr Henry Kaiser have journeyed to many points these two days past to gaze upon the features of poor unfortunate who have been found in the waters or by their own hand in other forms.

The Gradsins are urging with loud positiveness that Franz Wendlandt was not practical. He was a poet, a dreamer, a literateur without a market.

Instead of offering so many hours of labor with the pick and shovel for so many shillings, Franz Wendlandt insisted on thinking and writing beautiful things which nobody wanted to pay for.

He was impractical, and the Gradsins would not bury those three words for his epitaph.

Herr Kaiser religiously guards the poor rooms of his former tenants from prying visitors, but he was induced by Pastor Freund to permit an examination of the papers which he had been requested by Wendlandt in his last mission to destroy.

These are letters from Berlin. They show that Wendlandt's father was a wealthy cigar dealer and an officer in the German National Guard.

They show that Franz was also an officer, and that, on the day of his death, he was a year ago, he was given a two years' furlough. Like many another German, Wendlandt had been in the army, and came to America, only to find how absolutely unappreciated he was for the struggle for existence here.

From comfort and comparative affluence in Germany, he had come to a life of poverty in a strange land. They could not return, the bridges were burned behind them. The money was gone.

Wendlandt purchased the scanty furnishings of the Washington street dealer, on the installment plan. He owed \$60 on the furniture, and \$100 on the piano.

Mrs. Wendlandt, who did not know that he was doing an unlawful act, had been told by a friend that she was to be a mother. She had been told by a friend that she was to be a mother.

HOMES FOR THE STRIKERS.

Landlord Totten Comes to the Aid of the Evicted Clockmakers.

Practical Relief for the Most Distressing Phases of Their Poverty.

One ray of good cheer to-day falls away from the horizon of the striking clockmakers. D. Totten, who has been for some time to buy for has been added, in many cases, the deprivation of their miserable homes through dispossession warrants issued by their unrelenting landlords.

That all hearts are not hardened towards these sons of toil, however, is proven by the fact that Prof. Garis has received a letter from East Dealer John A. Totten, of 553 West Thirty-ninth street, in which he sympathizes with the strikers in their fight, and offers to do what he can to help them.

Hearing that many of them are about to be dispossessed from their homes, Mr. Totten says that he has a large number of vacant houses, and that he will rent to the strikers at \$1 per month as long as the strike lasts.

No more practical and available charity could be extended to these people.

The scenes of suffering and starvation among the striking clockmakers continue. Henry Bismarck, of 141 Essex street, who was arrested Thursday for participating in the Broadway riot, was released on bail yesterday. When he reached home he was met by his wife and five young children, who had been without food all the previous day. The poor fellow's burden of trouble was increased when he was shown a notice from the Court commanding him to vacate his rooms.

Secretary Hirschman of the clockmakers' union says that many such cases have been reported to him, and that the officers of the union are doing all they can to ameliorate the distress.

Among those mentioned as having been dispossessed are: W. Roth, 104 Ludlow street; J. Goodman, 215 Broome street; J. Miller, 244 Cherry street; J. Kozenzof, 107 Norfolk street; J. Cohen, 111 Lenox street; and about twenty more, whose names he could not remember.

The case of Fink, who has been notified to leave his home, is one of the saddest. Fink has been married about two years. He and his wife have had a child, a pretty, while he had to furnish his home. He has been out of work for some time now, and his household effects have disappeared in the pawnshop to get money to pay rent and the landlord has told him to go. Prof. Garis was seen this morning as he was about to go to the Court for the purpose of securing the release of Striker Samuel Green, who was charged with the \$500 bail for an alleged assault on Policeman Hahn.

When the strikers ran after a "scab" in Eldridge street Thursday night, and policeman Hahn interfered, Greenberg was the first to be arrested. He was defended when he was charged with the assault, and he was defended when he was charged with the assault.

MURDER WITH HIS FIST.

Philip Kavanagh Kills the Keeper of His Boarding-House.

One Blow Under the Chin and Landrigan Lived But Five Minutes.

A dispute over a board bill between two Brooklyn men ended fatally this morning. Philip Kavanagh, who boarded for some time with Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Landrigan at 478 Third street, Brooklyn, but he had got in arrears for his accommodations.

After breakfast this morning Mrs. Landrigan demanded money of her boarder. Kavanagh was not in a pleasant frame of mind after his fourth of July celebration, and he replied abusively, applying harsh names to Mrs. Landrigan.

Mr. Landrigan was in the next room. Hearing the quarrel, he rushed into the room and joined in the dispute, which developed into a fracas.

Kavanagh landed a heavy blow with his fist under Landrigan's chin. Landrigan was knocked down by the blow, his head striking the edge of the breakfast table.

He did not move after he fell, and in five minutes he was dead.

It was found that Landrigan had suffered a fracture of the skull.

He was found in the Eleventh Precinct, was called in and the arrested Kavanagh and locked him up at the station.

James Drury, a nephew of Landrigan, who saw the fracas, was also taken into custody, and he will be held as a witness.

Kavanagh was solemnly silent after his arrest. He was held to await the action of Coroner Roemer.

EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

DONE TO DEATH.

"Fighting Dave" Dillon Shot Down in a Street Quarrel.

Taunted to Fight, Then Deliberately Murdered.

End of One of Eliza Street's Most Noted Characters.

There is a grief in the Sixth Ward to-day. David Dillon, "the best fighter in Eliza street," is dead. Like Goldfish, he succumbed before a weaker man.

But it was not a stone that brought this giant down. It was a pistol ball, and he fell before he could bring to play that strength and science that had made him famous.

They shot him Dave down in cold blood, like a dog. Oh, my God! What shall I do? What shall I do?

Mr. Dillon was sobbing with uncontrollable grief as he looked on the body of his friend who had been shot down in the street.

He was a fellow who knew how to use his fists with the best of them, but he was not a lawyer, and never went around looking for a fight.

He was a man who had been in the neighborhood of Eliza street for many years, and he was a man who had been in the neighborhood of Eliza street for many years.

FOREIGN NEWS BY CABLE.

The Ormonde Club to Get the McAniff-Slavin Match.

Holigoland to Be Delivered with Much Pomp to Germany.

LONDON, July 5.—The arrangements to match Joe McAniff and Slavin for the Ormonde Club stakes will be completed to-day.

Lord Londale has advised Madden to accept the terms offered, as he considered them fair. As a sportsman, he thought that he could not advise otherwise.

Madden said that he never had any objection to the Ormonde Club, but that he preferred Lord Londale's management.

"However, to show that we mean business, and that we did not come here on a pleasure trip, McAniff will box wherever Lord Londale says."

Lord Londale said that he was convinced that the men would receive fair play at the Ormonde.

The Ceremony of Delivering Holigoland to Germany.

LONDON, July 5.—The handing over of the island of Holigoland to Germany is to be made an occasion of elaborate ceremony on the part of both powers.

Two imposing fleets, one having on board the Emperor of Germany, and the other being under command of the Duke of Edinburgh, will arrive off the island simultaneously.

The British flag will be first saluted by the German fleet, and the island will then be formally handed over to the Germans.

The German flag will next be hoisted, and will in turn be saluted by the British fleet.

The officers of the British squadron will subsequently dine on the German flagship in order to meet the Emperor.

EXTRA

MILFORD'S FLOOD.

A New Jersey Village Nearly Destroyed by a Cloudburst.

Hou 65, Barns, Factories and Bridges Destroyed.

One Life Lost, \$100,000 Worth of Property Carried Off.

MILFORD, N. J., July 5.—This village presents a scene this morning which presents many features of disaster identical with those of stricken Johnston last year. At least \$100,000 worth of property was swept away by flood last evening, and it is known that one life, if not more, was quenched by the rushing waters.

The flood came about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, turning the Independence Day festival into universal alarm at the devastation of the elements.

At this hour there was a cloudburst near the village, and rain fell in torrents till nearly 8 o'clock. The waters in the creek that runs through the eastern part of the town began to rise rapidly.

High embankments had been built along the sides of this stream after the flood of a year ago. The water was so high that it overtopped the embankments, and the village, and rain fell in torrents till nearly 8 o'clock. The waters in the creek that runs through the eastern part of the town began to rise rapidly.

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PAULINE HALL'S CHAPTER OF THE GREAT COMPOSITE NOVEL NOW RUNNING IN THE EVENING WORLD WILL BE PRINTED ON MONDAY.

The Synopsis will enable you to begin the story any time.

IN A NEGRO'S GRASP.

Mrs. Proctor Terribly Assaulted at Her Home near Asbury Park.

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